Obedience

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Obedience

by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

"What if Charmont had the obedience "gift" instead of Ella?" Asked a lovely friend on the Kinkmeme. What if, indeed.

We gave him to the most brutal HEU Mads character we could think of. PLEASE read the tags, this is a horrible and brutal story. Enjoy!

It had been a long day. Longer than any Char had been used to experiencing before his uncle had died.

Usually, Char had his studies, riding, practice in the training ring, and perhaps one dreadfully boring council meeting he'd been forced to attend. Now, having taken up not only the crown but the responsibilities that came with it, Char had several dreadfully boring meetings, with dreadfully boring men, discussing dreadfully boring things that he just didn't understand.

Or maybe he didn't want to.

Why should a prince know *everything* ? He had advisors for that. His uncle had, as well. Char had been quick to dismiss most of them, those he knew who'd had a hand in supporting his uncle's more destructive plans. He had kept three, men that he'd watched since he was a little boy, men who had not been as unkind to him as others, men who knew how the kingdom worked, and could advise Char without taking advantage of him.

One was a man that Char had, before this long day, thought to be the most moral, the most level-headed of all of them. He kept the royal coffers, knew about taxes, worked with plans and breakdowns on where money came from and where it had to go. Things Char knew were important but things that he himself did not want a hand in dealing with.

But he was pushing for Char to be more invested. He - Jean, a name Char had always found to be quite fancy compared to his own - spoke to Char as no other advisors had dared, and Char was *tired* .

"Jean, please," he tried. "I've no mind for this, I would do a terrible job at it. This is why I have you."

"You cannot continue to go through life blissfully unaware of the things that happen around you," Jean argued. He was a stern-faced man, with one eye damaged from wars that had been fought while Char was still very young. It lent him a certain air of intimidation, not that Char would allow it to get to him.

"I don't intend to be *blissfully unaware* ," Char snapped. "You can submit reports to me, and I will read them, but there's no point in having me here for the brunt of it. Explain it later and I'll either approve or deny your budgets."

All of the other advisors had taken to calling Char 'Your Highness' (or worse, 'Your Majesty,'), but Jean still looked upon Char as he had when Char was a slip of a thing who could barely hold up a sword. He called him by name and had little patience for Char's instructions. " *Charmont* ," he said, as though he'd replaced Char's uncle as a parental figure, "this is your kingdom, and therefore *your* job-"

"I know what my job is!" Char interrupted, "and I know what *yours* is. This discussion is over."

Char turned on his heel, storming off towards the door. He was definitely storming, and not stomping, as he was a mature adult and no longer a child. Just as his hand touched the wood, however, the worst happened.

“Charmont! Stop right there!”

And he did. Because he always would, when he was told to do something. He always had. But before now it had never been a problem, it had always been a demand to go to bed, or study harder, or practice longer. It was something that earned him a reputation for being such a good student, such a clever boy.

Obedient to a fault.

If only they knew. He was glad they didn’t.

Char swallowed and remained frozen, unable to turn, unable to remove his hand from the door, unable to do anything at all but wait until he was told to do something else or released to go. He hated having his back to someone, it felt rude, firstly, and secondly it just felt strange to not be able to turn around and look at someone when you could hear them.

He heard Jean get out of his chair and step nearer, he heard him stop just far enough away that Char could hear his breathing, and he still couldn’t turn around. He waited. He waited for Jean to say something, anything, that would allow Char to just *move* again, but he patiently stood as though he was prepared to out-wait a petulant boy at his own game.

He’d be waiting a long time.

“I just want to go to bed,” Char tried, hand trembling where it rested. His wrist would hurt soon if he didn’t move it.

“No one’s stopping you.”

“You did,” Char pointed out, “so I stopped. Because that’s the polite thing to do. Can I go now?”

“Can you?” Came the infuriating answer.

Char swallowed around a knot in his throat. He didn’t have an answer ready. He’d hoped it wouldn’t be a problem- who ordered around their own *king?* -and it wasn’t like he could’ve just hidden in his room after his uncle’s death.

He should have known that sooner or later this ‘gift’ of his would get him in trouble.

The silence stretched between them, awkward and telling. “Jean,” Char said softly.

When Jean spoke again, it was with a hesitant suspicion in his voice. “Turn around, Char.”

Char turned, his hands balled into white-knuckled fists at his side. Jean studied him, head tilted slightly.

Eyes narrowing, Jean said, “Touch your nose.”

Char held his breath. His hands were shaking. He could ignore this. He could. He *would* . The world spun around him, his head pounding. He couldn’t make himself start breathing again.

His index finger touched the tip of his nose. They stared at each other for a long moment.

“Explain, Charmont.”

Red-faced, finger still on his nose, Char did. “When I was born, a fairy granted me the ‘gift’ of obedience. My uncle helped me to hide it.”

The man considered him a moment longer, watching the way humiliation darkened the boy’s cheeks to a rather pleasant hue. It explained many things, actually, this gift of his. Jean had never known Charmont to be a bad child, but he had also always been an extraordinarily obedient boy, far more obedient than a man his age should have been.

Jean crossed his arms over his chest and made Char wait a few agonizing moments more before releasing him to stand comfortably. The relaxed posture was at odds with Char’s expression. His lips worked in displeased twitches before he took a deep breath.

“I would really appreciate it if you would… keep this knowledge to yourself. It’s a private matter that I’ve no desire to have widely known.”

“It would certainly put you in danger from corrupting forces,” Jean agreed, though he didn’t promise anything one way or the other. Not until Char looked up at him again.

“Please,” he whispered. “I can live with this, I have. I’ll… I’ll find ways to keep it secret. If you don’t tell anyone.”

“It’s a heavy burden to bear, alone,” Jean replied. Char bit his lip. “Go to bed, Char,” he finally added. “Get some rest.”

That Jean would command him so immediately after hearing Char’s explanation weighed uneasily in the back of Char’s mind, but he was unable to give it the consideration it deserved. His body moved him towards his room without even enough time to say goodnight, taking him straight to bed. He hadn’t had a chance to grab dinner, and his stomach was grumbling, but the second his head hit the pillow, Char was out.

He hadn’t even undressed.

Whether the gift was going to be logical or not seemed entirely random. Thankfully, it seemed to have interpreted ‘go to bed’ as a command with a start and end point. Come morning, Char was able to rise and go through his morning routine, waiting for breakfast to be delivered to his chambers.

The first knock on the door that morning was not breakfast. It was Jean, letting himself into the room and locking the door behind him.

“It’s a tricky gift, yours,” he said in lieu of a greeting. He did not look directly at Char. Rather, he let his gaze wander about the wide sitting room they resided in, to the slightly ajar door of Char’s bedroom.

“Uncle said it was a healthy thing for a child to have,” Char said with a touch of bitterness. Jean nodded.

“Yes, he *would* say that.” Jean turned that cool stare on Char, and for some reason, Char’s stomach twisted. “Come here, Char. Stand right before me.”

“Please don’t do this,” Char sighed, standing to obey even as he spoke. He stopped very close to Jean, the toes of their boots almost touching. Char was shorter than the other man, lifting his eyes to him, his brows furrowed. “It’s not as silly a game to me as it is to you.”

“Oh, it certainly isn’t a game to me,” Jean countered, allowing himself to look over the young man as he stood so near. He wondered if perhaps this was why he had never seen other boys at the palace as Char was growing up, why he had never gone abroad with his uncle when the other traveled. Things that normal boys should have done, things that princes were expected to do.

“I couldn’t possibly leave you alone with such a weight. Burdens shared are burdens eased.”

This, too, made Char feel a nervous twitch in the pit of his stomach. While his uncle had used Char’s gift on occasion, he had never done so cruelly. He had never pushed its limits and boundaries. Already Jean had asked more of Char against his executive will than anyone else ever had.

A knock on the door jarred both of them back to the situation at hand.

“Tell them to leave it at the door,” Jean murmured, leaning in to speak against Char’s ear.

“Leave it at the door,” Char obediently repeated, eyes closing in displeasure, since he couldn’t close his mouth.

“Thank them,”

“Thank you.”

“Good boy,” Jean’s voice held a laugh behind it now, and Char clenched his fists.

“Can I eat, please? I forewent dinner last night to go to bed,” Char mumbled. *Because you made me* .

“Nothing will happen if you wait a while more,” Jean replied. “Starvation takes much longer than people anticipate, in truth.”

“You don’t plan to *starve* me?”

“No, dear boy, nothing so callous.” Jean assured him. It didn’t sound reassuring. “Merely a lesson in patience.”

Anxiety twisted Char ino knots. A firm hand gripped his chin and tilted his head up to meet Jean's gaze.

"What would happen, I wonder, if the world found out about your gift?"

Char went very stiff, his eyes widening. "You can't! Jean, it would mean ruin for the kingdom. I-"

"Hush."

Char's jaw snapped shut. Jean looked incredibly pleased with himself.

"You're a walking risk to yourself and to the rest of the kingdom," Jean told him. Shame pricked wet at Char's eyes. He blinked back the frustrated tears that threatened to spill over. "Don't worry," Jean added, "I intend to look after you."

This did not in any way reassure Char, but Jean's command still held his jaw shut tight. Jean rubbed his thumb over Char's lips with a thoughtful hum.

"You asked me to take care of things. I will do that for you. I will keep your secret. And in return, you're going to be a very good boy for me, aren't you?"

It was not the gift that held Char still, but Jean's hand, grip tightening painfully on his jaw when he tried to shake his head.

"Thank me for taking care of you, Char."

"Thank you for taking care of me." Jean could force the words, but not the sentiment. Char forced them out with no small amount of malice, which only seemed to amuse Jean.

"Open your mouth." The moment Char did, Jean leaned in, sealing his lips over Char's.

Char whined, eyes closing tight and quick. He couldn't move away, the hand that held him was bruising against his skin, he was sure Jean would leave marks on him, and how would he explain those? How would he explain anything?

The kiss felt obscene. It was unwelcome and unpleasant and invasive and Char felt ill with it. But he couldn't do anything to stop it, to make Jean move away, to ask him - to demand of him - that he stop.

When he finally pulled back, Char's lips remained parted, his breathing shallow and uneven, cheeks flushed with displeasure. He made a helpless little sound and opened his eyes and wished he hadn't. He'd never seen that sort of look before, not from anyone. It made him feel small, it made him feel powerless, more so than his gift ever had.

Jean let his jaw go and Char closed his eyes again with a whimper.

"You always were such a beautiful boy," Jean said. "Bright and clever. So distracting when your uncle would bring you to meetings, did you know that? Did you notice eyes on you? Gazes that moved where hands wanted to?"

Jean drew his knuckles down Char's face, over his still-parted lips that he would happily bruise with his own again. "Answer me."

"I noticed, please let me move, Jean, this is wrong. This isn't -"

"Hush," the command was repeated in a lower tone, a softer one, and Char hated how quickly he obeyed.

"Such a pretty thing, when you grew into your own. Sometimes you came in flushed and damp from your training. It was indecent of your uncle to allow you to walk around like that."

There had been looks ever since puberty had taken Char by the hand, but the way Jean looked at him now felt more invasive than any of them. He reached out to hook two fingers in Char's collar, tugging it to the side until his collar bone was exposed and his top button was straining.

"It would be improper, of course, for me to lavish as much attention on you as I will have to in order to care for you. However, no law or rule of etiquette prevents a king's consort from also serving as his financial advisor."

No . Char paled, his breath quickening. His hands shook at his sides.

"And of course, that would allow me to move into your chambers and offer you the guidance and the protection you need. We'll announce it tonight."

Char's lips parted on words he was not allowed to speak, protests he couldn't give a voice to. Jean watched him with that horrifying, placid smile.

"I'll fetch your breakfast. You can have it in a bit. In the meantime, go into your bedroom and take off all of your clothes."

"Jean, *please* -" Char was moving, because he had no choice but to. He was moving because his gift was a curse and he hated it with every ounce of his being. And he was scared. He hated how it came through in his voice, but he couldn't help it, he was *scared* . "I'll… I'll announce it. We can do that. You're right, nothing in the law prevents it. But can - can we please talk about this?"

He didn't get an answer by the time he was in his bedchamber again, and Char pressed his lips together to hold back the little whimper of panic that wanted to escape as his hands moved automatically to work free his shirt and pull it over his head. Down to his pants next, and Char had to stare at the ceiling to keep the tears at bay, because behind him Jean had opened the door, and Char couldn't *leave* .

He was trembling by the time he was bare, covering himself with his hands and pressing against a wall to keep something at his back that wasn't thin air. His heart was beating so loud he could hear it in his ears; it beat out of time with the calm footsteps coming from the other room that drew nearer and nearer.

“Why are you doing this?” he asked, hating how small he sounded, how young. Jean looked him over with an intensity that frightened him and Char wondered what it would take for this to stop. What would sate a man’s sadistic curiosity enough to give Char those bare moments without an order to get himself free.

“My life’s purpose is to serve the king,” Jean replied, amusement coloring his words as his thin lips tilted in a smile that was far from kind. He looked at Char a moment more before working free the buttons on his own jacket as he made his way to Charmont’s bed and took a seat on it like he belonged there.

“Come here to me, let me see you.”

Char’s hands fell to his sides. He couldn’t make them cover himself again, his soft cock on display against his thigh. Instead, he brought a hand up to grip tight in his hair, fighting back tears.

He would not be frightened. He would not be a coward. Char told himself these things, but as he stepped closer and closer to Jean, he began to tremble.

“Please,” Char begged, “please don’t do this.”

Jean’s hands went for his waist first, trailing lightly over his sides. He was an adult now, but he was still so slight next to Jean, still growing into himself.

Jean’s hands slipped further down, over Char’s hips. “Come sit on my lap.”

Char followed the guidance Jean gave him, straddling Jean’s thighs at the edge of the bed. Jean guided him down, so that he could feel the thick bulge against him. “No,” Char babbled, suddenly panicked, “No, Jean, don’t-“

“Tell me you want this.”

“I want this.” Char’s voice broke on a helpless sob, the tears finally brimming over. Jean hushed him, rubbing gently at the corner of Char’s eye, and then licking the salt from his finger.

“Say nothing more unless I tell you to,” Jean said, sealing Char’s words away. His hand cupped Char’s soft cock, teasing gently at the foreskin.

Char was shaking. His hands were fisted at his sides, knuckles white and nails digging into his palm as Jean touched him. No one had touched him like this before. Char himself had never touched himself like this before. The horror of it all was that beneath his panic, Char could feel the warmth of pleasure coiling in his belly as Jean continued to tease.

Tears fell from his eyes thick and heavy, catching at the edges of his jaw or his chin before dripping to his chest. Inside, behind the wall of silence imposed on him, Char was screaming.

"Sweet, untouched thing," Jean praised, eyes hooded as he spread a hand over the young king's chest, catching a nipple with his blunt nails. The next pass of them was harsher. "Such

a responsive boy you are. You know, I've thought about you a long time, Charmont. Years. I even told you, though perhaps in more flowery language than it warranted."

Char whimpered as the hand between his legs started to stroke him almost cruelly. His body was responding but his mind was in pain. He was terrified, he was disgusted, he felt like he couldn't even breathe, though it was only his words taken from him, not his air.

He wished it had been.

"I've imagined that sweet mouth of yours, tasting you, being the first you parted your lips for. Was I?" Jean narrowed his eyes at Char, watched him continue to tremble, silent and obedient. "Quite the honor, to be the first to kiss a king. There are such wonders I've yet to show you. I expect you to be eager to learn."

Slowly, Jean brought him up to full hardness, leaning back to admire the length in his hand. “There’s so much we can do with this,” he said, delivering a light pinch to the head. Char squeaked, still allowed noise by the order he’d been given.

“Not today,” Jean decided. “Something simple, to start.”

He hoisted Char from his lap as if Char was a child, not a grown man, and guided him to the center of the mattress. When he bent Char forward to rest his elbows on the bed, Char panicked.

The position was obvious, Jean’s intent clear. Char pushed himself back up, flailing, lashing out at Jean and missing in his terror.

“Stay where I put you,” Jean growled, guiding Char back onto knees and elbows. It was as if he’d chained Char into place, and Char sobbed as his head was pushed into the bedding.

“Even with such obedience, you’ll still need training,” Jean mused. His hand came down against Char’s upturned ass, driving a cry from him. Then another, and another, enough that Char was wailing into the pillows by the time Jean soothed him with gentle hands that had moments before been so cruel.

“Spread your legs,” he commanded. The sound Char made was the only thing that spoke of his terror; his body obeyed. “Arch your back. You will enjoy this, Charmont.”

The boy wept into the sheets, unrestrained sounds of horror and disgust, fear and anguish. The last had not been a command, but a suggestion. Certain things, his ‘gift’ did not allow. His mind was always to remain his own, even if his body was out of his control. He could be guided and convinced, but not coerced to believe things he himself did not find true.

“Tempting, beautiful boy,” Jean whispered against him, drawing his teeth over the pink skin of Char’s ass, so warm where he’d spanked him. Not nearly enough, but he was certain he would have a chance to properly punish the boy in due time. “I’m going to fill you up, pull such sweet sounds from you.”

He pulled back, enough to admire the way the little king trembled beneath him. He would have him begging, soon. Would have those sweet lips spread for him. He would have this boy entirely, as he'd wanted. He'd even considered putting himself forward as a suitor, when Char's uncle was still alive. But then the man had passed on, leaving the boy vulnerable and alone.

What a fortuitous turn of events, then, to have discovered this himself.

"Relax," he murmured, spreading the boy with gentle hands as he teased slick fingers against his entrance. He penetrated him with just one, patient in this, at least, and relished the whimper it drew from the throat of his boy. He would train him to this. He would have Charmont grow addicted to this pleasure. He would have him be the perfect, poised little ruler beyond the walls of their room, but within them, he would pull the filthiest sounds from the young king.

Jean went slowly, treating Char with caution and care. It was almost worse that way. Char felt every slow drag of the finger inside him. One finger became two, and there was nothing Char could do to shut them out. They spread him insistently, opening him wider for what was to come.

Char had gone soft during the spanking, but each careful thrust was sending arousal back through him. Jean knew exactly how to touch a lover, where to curve his fingers and rub to draw a broken moan from Char's throat. He teased him to dripping, leaning in to lick at the skin that parted around his fingers. Invasive and humiliating, but Char's cock dangled rock hard between his wide-spread thighs.

"It will feel good," Jean promised him, when he pulled his fingers away. Char sobbed openly, unable to speak, unable to protest or even to shake his head. He was frozen in place, as Jean bent over him, wrapping an arm around his waist. "Soon, you will learn to ask for it before I've had a chance to instruct you."

The thick, damp head of Jean's cock rubbed up against Char's stretched entrance. He wanted to snap his thighs shut, or to jerk forward and away. Instead, he stayed where he was put, presenting himself like a feast for Jean to slowly pierce.

Fingers had not prepared Char for the presence of a cock inside him. It was not something he'd ever thought about before, not something that was becoming of a prince to learn of or imagine. Jean filled him in a slow, aching split. Every time Char thought it had surely been all of it, he would shift his hips and nudge a little bit further inside, until it seemed Char could feel him all the way to his quivering belly.

"As warm and tight as I'd imagined you'd be." Jean's hand pet over Char's stomach, gentle rubs that might have been soothing, had the situation been any other. Then his hand slid from Char's stomach to his hip, his other hand finding a matching grip on the other side. He pulled back, a long, slow drag, and then slammed back in with a motion so rough that it punched Char's very breath from him.

And it hurt. There was still that sliver of pain beneath everything, and Char bit hard against the sheets and tried to keep his sounds inside. But as Jean had gotten under his skin the night

before, as he had the uncanny ability to always get his way in negotiations, Char couldn't hide his sounds from the man either.

He whimpered with every thrust, the position he'd been forced to hold making his entire body ache. He gasped when Jean found that spot inside him and fucked against it, forcing pleasure through Char's body despite how hard he fought against it. And then one of Jean's hands was between his legs, coaxing Char's cock, stroking it faster and faster until he was coming, hard and thick into his palm.

Char sobbed into the pillow, dizzy with unwanted pleasure, aching and humiliated.

"Beautiful thing," Jean praised, and Char thought he would be sick. This wasn't beautiful. What they were doing wasn't *beautiful* , it was forceful and cruel, it was degrading and hideous, it was unwanted. Yet Jean continued to take his pleasure with Char's body, his own sounds obscene in his enjoyment. Until finally, finally, he slowed his thrusting, groaned low and long and filled Char with his release.

When Jean pulled free, he told Charmont to relax. The prince curled in on himself with a soft cry and tried to make himself as small as possible, turning away from Jean when the other lay at his side. He felt filthy and violated. He felt ill. All thoughts of breakfast were forgotten, all thoughts of the entire day dismissed. He had to find a way to get away from this man, for long enough to tell someone, to get help, to do *something* …

"Good boys would thank me for giving them such pleasure," Jean commented after a while, eyes narrowed when Char dared to look. "And you are very good, aren't you? Answer me."

"Yes." it was barely above a whisper.

"Yes, you're a good boy?" Jean asked. He reached for Char's hair, fingers tangling in the curls and tugging until Char's head tilted back painfully. "Then what do we say?"

He was going to make Char say it. Without actually *making* him. Char tasted bile in the back of his throat, sour and sharp. He could ignore Jean, he had the ability.

But he had no idea what Jean would demand in response. Char ached, a dull, thrumming pain at the base of his spine and all the way down. He wanted to be left alone, to run for help and then curl up for hours.

"Thank you," he whispered.

The corner of Jean's mouth twitched up into a smile. "For?"

Char felt like he was going to throw up. Another sob wrenched itself from his throat, and would not be stifled. His body had begun to shake. "Th-Thank you for giving me p-pleasure."

The man leaned nearer and Char closed his mouth tight as Jean kissed him, hoping, *praying* , that he wouldn't make him open his mouth to this again. He didn't, by some miracle, he kissed against Char's resisting mouth and pulled back, releasing the boy to hide himself away again.

“Breakfast is on the table,” he told him, as though nothing had happened, as though he hadn’t taken every advantage of a boy half his age. “Eat it before you go, you need the strength. There are several meetings I will see you at, of course, but I believe dinner will be the place to announce our relationship going forward.”

Jean climbed out of bed and adjusted his clothes, impeccable, always, despite the mess he’d made of the boy. Sweet thing. Even his resistance had been enjoyable; perhaps it was because he had resisted so ardently that Jean already ached for him again. But they had time. Nothing but time.

“I would advise against seeking out other counsel,” he added. “In regards to our private matters. It wouldn’t do for the kingdom to find out their new king can be swayed so easily by words alone. There would be riots in the streets.”

He reached to stroke Char’s hair again, delighting in how quickly he jerked back, and straightened. “Don’t be late.”

Char told no one.

He wanted to. It ached in his chest. There was no command forbidding it.

But this was what had happened to him when just one person had found out. It could only get worse if more people were made aware. There was no one Char could truly trust with his secret. Not when he had trusted Jean, and Jean had guided him onto his knees and-

Jean caught him before dinner, pulling him into an alcove. He’d had his hands all over Char while he whispered instructions in his ear, locking him into place for dinner, taking away any choices he had left. There had been no whispers among his staff, but Char heard them begin when he and Jean left, Jean’s hand firm on the small of Char’s back.

“That wasn’t so difficult, was it?”

Char said nothing. He was not under a command, but he could find no words for Jean that weren’t spiteful and filthy. He whispered them in his head instead, his mood foul by the time he was ushered into his sitting room.

Jean would stay here, tonight. And tomorrow night. And every night after, until he finally got bored of this horrible game and set Char free.

Char didn’t want to eat. He didn’t want to do anything. He certainly didn’t want to undress and get into bed. Perhaps he could excuse himself to take a bath and drown himself in it. Perhaps he could wait until Jean fell asleep and leave, take his horse and ride away, exile himself before someone found out about his ‘gift’ and exiled him publicly.

That could be a plan, he supposed. Surely he could find work as a stable hand or tutor in a small village nearby. Surely he could live a life, still. He’d made it nineteen years before someone had taken advantage of his gift…

“Charmont,” Jean’s voice was almost sing-song in its tone. Char had never hated the sound of his own name more. “Don’t let that clever little head of yours overthink. Things are always more complex than they appear. Nothing is ever simple.”

Killing you would be simple , Char thought. He was sitting stone still in one of his chairs, staring blankly at the unlit fireplace. He had never had thoughts like that before, he had never felt the desire to be violent towards someone.

“What are you thinking about?” Jean asked, and Char’s jaw tensed.

“Dark thoughts,” he admitted.

Jean chuckled softly. “What do you know of darkness, pampered little thing?”

Char’s hands clenched on the arms of the chair, nails digging into the fabric. He knew enough. He knew that he wanted to rip Jean’s tongue out for this, to have him never speak another word again.

Jean’s hands came down on Char’s shoulders, gentle, but heavy. Free from instruction for the time being, Char flinched away, losing some of his angry dignity in his scramble to flee the chair, to put space between himself and Jean.

When he looked, Jean was smiling at him, an unexpected fondness in his eyes, as though Char were some sort of beloved pet.

“Come here, Char.”

“No,” Char said as his feet began to move. “No, I don’t want to do this again.” This was how it began the last time, this was how it had started.

When he was near enough, Jean set a hand to Char’s cheek and stroked beneath his eye, gentle as anything. As though the morning hadn’t happened, as though his cruelty hadn’t manifested mere hours after finding out Char’s secret.

“Sweet boy, what do you think I’m going to do?”

“What you did before.” Char replied, voice quiet. “What you want.”

“Isn’t it what you want, lovely thing?” Jean asked him. “Isn’t that what you asked for? To be advised and cared for and protected?”

“You’re not doing that,” Char ventured. He closed his eyes when Jean traced his lips with his fingertips. “You’re not thinking about me.”

“I assure you, I’m thinking *exclusively* about you.” Jean’s fingers made their way down, over Char’s jaw to the hollow of his throat. “You were very distracting when I was attempting to get through all the assignments you’ve given me.”

Char shook his head. He was still able to do *that,* at least.

“This is all for you. I don’t want this. I don’t *need* this.”

Jean leaned in, his nose nudging just underneath Char’s jaw, taking in a slow breath of the boy’s scent. “You’ve needed a firm hand for years now,” he told him, “and now, you need a bath.”

Char’s chambers consisted of three rooms, entering to the sitting room, and then the bedroom and bathing room on either side of that. The castle was equipped with several smaller boilers for certain bedrooms to offer hot water from taps, running to sinks and tubs. The bath was large enough for two men, and as Jean began to fill it, Char struggled to find a way to avoid it.

“Come back here,” Jean said when he glanced up to see Char creeping steadily towards the door. “I know what you get up to during the day, and I know you didn’t bathe last night. You’re filthy, Char.”

Char returned with a soft sigh, very much displeased. “May I bathe alone?” He asked. “I’m capable of taking care of myself, Jean, please let me.”

Jean clicked his tongue. “I know you’re capable, Char, but I’m here to ease your life in whatever way possible.”

“I don’t find this troublesome.”

“And you shan’t. Undress, Char.”

Char moved mechanically. Nothing felt safe anymore. Not his bed, not his clothes, not his chambers. He had nowhere to go where Jean wouldn’t find a way to follow him, but his own mind. He wondered how long that would remain his own as well.

Bare, he watched as Jean tested the water against his fingers, and unfurled to his full height. Char had never found him intimidating before. He had, for a time, found him curiously handsome, with his sharp cheekbones and injured eye. Now, Char wanted to curl up and cover himself any time he was near.

“Come here.”

He did. He climbed into the tub and winced at the heat. He settled, drawing his knees up to his chest and resting his chin against them. He closed his eyes as Jean climbed in behind him, groaning in pleasure and stretching out around the young king.

For a few moments, Char was left to sit like that, curled as tight as he could, touching as little as possible. Jean’s bare knees brushed against his sides, but otherwise, he could almost pretend he was alone.

And then Jean hummed, scooping up water in his hands and pouring it down Char’s back. “Let’s get you clean.”

Char shuddered, arms tightening as if he could condense himself smaller and out of Jean’s reach. “I can do it myself. *Please* , Jean, let me do it myself.”

Jean clicked his tongue. “You needn’t fight me so much. Arms up.”

Char’s arms lifted high above his head. Jean lathered soap over his back and sides and then dragged Char back against his chest. Char could feel Jean’s cock snug against his ass, not as big or as hard as it could get, but well on its way. “Jean, *please.”*

“ Keep your hands where they are,” Jean said, his tone almost cheery. He started with Char’s collarbones, working his way down to tease his nipples. “How sensitive are you here?”

His answer came in the form of a shuddered little whine as Char squirmed against him. Jean pressed his smile to Char’s shoulder so the boy could feel it as he continued to tease.

“I wonder… if I tease you enough will you get hard for me?” he murmured. Char trembled in the warm water. With a pinch, Jean pulled another long and lovely whine from him and set his teeth over Char’s pale skin. “How does it feel?”

“Involuntary,” Char replied breathlessly. “Tickling. My arms hurt, please -”

“You can put them down,” Jean replied graciously. “Set them to the sides of the tub so I can touch you.”

“I don’t like that you touch me.”

“You will,” Jean kissed his skin again, nosing at his damp hair at the base of his neck. “What don’t you enjoy, sweet boy? I’m being so gentle.”

“I don’t want you to touch me,” Char replied honestly, hands clinging to the edges of the tub. “I don’t want anyone to touch me, or tell me what to do. Jean, *please* don’t do this. Please.”

Jean pinched both little buds, sharp and quick, drawing a trembling noise of confused pleasure from the boy between his legs. “We adjust to things through exposure and practice. In time, your desire will grow.”

“It won’t,” Char assured him, “it will only make me resent you.”

Jean’s lips were a smile against his throat. He nipped gently at the soft skin there, worrying it with his teeth. “I very much doubt that,” he said, once he’d bruised Char thoroughly.

Jean’s fingers were merciless, and the little bit of squirming Char could do with his hands trapped was not enough to dislodge them. He pinched and tugged, rolling Char’s nipples between his fingertips until they were sore from the teasing. The soreness somehow spurred on the unwanted heat in Char’s belly. When Jean freed one nipple to reach down between Char’s thighs, he found him fully erect.

“You see? It feels good, doesn’t it? You wouldn’t respond so nicely if it didn’t.”

“I can’t stop my body responding,” Char replied, helpless. His hands hurt from how tightly he was clinging to the bath, he wanted to get out already, to find a way to curl up in bed where he was fully surrounded, swaddled, with cloth and untouchable. “It doesn’t… doesn’t mean anything.”

“It means a great deal.”

“Will you do this every night?” Char asked softly, fearing he already knew the answer.

“And every morning, should we have the time. I’ve been patient in waiting for you.”

“Why didn’t you ask me? Before? Before all -” Char swallowed. He knew that had the man offered his hand as a suitor, Char would have rejected him outright. Much older, unknowable to him, foreign only in the way his mind worked; they had nothing to speak about, nothing to bond over, nothing but how the kingdom ran, and he didn’t want his life based on such dull things. In truth, Char hadn’t even thought of marriage, not for years more. He had never met a princess, nor a prince, had never met anyone his own age and class he would possibly befriend or be interested in

“You were going to,” he murmured, resigned, ducking his head and biting his lip. “You were going to ask, weren’t you?”

“I was,” Jean confirmed, drawing a wet hand through Char’s hair and guiding him to lay back against his chest, head on his shoulder.

“But not me.”

“No. I would have asked your uncle for permission to court you.”

And his uncle would have said yes. Jean was a good choice, a safe choice. He would not have made waves with what his uncle wanted for the kingdom, he would have allowed his uncle some continued influence. They would have been married by summer, were Char’s uncle still alive.

And Char would still be here, trapped in the bath with a man who wanted to touch him until he forgot what it was like to be alone with his own skin.

He turned his head to hide a small, mournful little whimper. It meant burying his face in Jean’s neck, but there was nowhere else to go. And once he had done it, he could not undo it. It reminded him of being small, back when his parents were alive, when someone would hold him and soothe his worries.

Jean hummed at the gesture, turned his head to breathe in against the boy’s curls. “Lovely thing. Change is frightening yet inevitable. Let it happen.”

Char didn’t reply, he just lay where he’d placed himself. He wanted this to be over. He wondered what it would take for it to be over.

“Let go, sweet boy, touch me.”

“Please -”

“We will discover each other, Char, together. Touch me.”

Char's hands slid into the water, fingers flexing to get feeling back into them. He sought out beneath the water until he found the man's knee. Nothing more, no further than that. He had no desire to touch, and this was the safest way he could obey.

He could feel Jean's body respond to him, his cock hardening against Char's back. He still ached from the morning, he still felt ill from the memory of it. He knew it would happen again, there was nothing to stop it. The fact hung over him, heavy as a lead weight and Char almost wanted to give in, almost wanted to become pliant and truly obedient… but he couldn't. That wasn't who he was. That wasn't what a king would do.

No… a king would be clever about it.

He just had to wait. Be patient. Be *good* .

Jean's hand slid over his own, sliding his fingers between Char's. He guided Char's hand back from his knee, up his thigh, slow and steady. Char let himself cry. His body wanted to do it anyway, and let Jean think him beaten and broken. Let him think it so easy to ruin a king.

Up, and back, until Char's hand was pulled behind his back to grasp the hardness that prodded at his spine. Jean's lips brushed Char's ear. "Tell me you want this inside you."

Char's eyes squeezed shut tight. "I want it in… inside me," he murmured. "But not here?" he added hastily. It had been uncomfortable enough with his chest pressed to the bed. He could not imagine having his chest pushed up against the hard rim of the tub while Jean brutalized him.

Jean bit lightly at Char's ear, tugging, teasing. It sent shudders down Char's spine, unwanted pleasure right to the hardness between his own thighs.

"Please," Char begged, "Can't we do it in the bed again?"

"Perhaps we can work up to the tub," Jean told him, and Char hoped his next shudder came off as anticipatory. But they didn't move for a few moments more as Jean moved Char's hand over him, folded his fingers over the length of him - so much larger, thicker, older than Char. Only when Jean's breathing pulled taut, did he release Char to climb from the tub before him. He took the few moments of freedom allowed him to cover himself entirely with a towel, pressed up against a wall.

He didn't want this, but he would take it.

He didn't want this, but he would suffer it.

He didn't want this, but he would persevere and beat a clever man with his mind, using his body if necessary.

Char went when Jean called for him, climbed into bed as he was directed, but on his back this time. It would be harder to hide his disgust but he supposed it didn't matter; Jean knew well enough how Char disliked it.

Jean held himself over the boy, close enough to touch but not pressing close just yet, lips tilting in that smile Char had grown to fear.

“Kiss me, sweet boy,” Jean told him. “Properly. Make me believe it and I’ll let you keep your words this time.”

The words sank their claws into Char, painful and cruel. He pushed up onto his elbows, his lips meeting Jean’s in a clumsy, crooked kiss.

The problem was that Char didn’t know *how* to do this. Of the kisses he’d shared so far, they’d either been an unrelenting press against his closed lips, or a brutal plunder of his mouth while he waited for it to stop. He had no idea how to do this ‘properly,’ how to make Jean feel he’d truly put the effort in.

Char parted his lips, licking cautiously at the seam of Jean’s own. He didn’t quite have the bravery or the will to mimic the deep searching Jean had done, but he gave it all he could bear to give.

Jean chuckled against his lips, reaching up to press his palm to Char’s cheek. His thumb traced the very edge of Char’s mouth, and then pushed into his cheek, coaxing Char’s mouth open until he was satisfied.

“Still such a shy little thing,” Jean said when they finally broke apart. “I wonder how long you’ll keep such innocence about you.”

His hands found Char’s thighs, pushing them up and out until he was spread obscenely wide. Jean leaned back to examine him, rubbing his thumb over Char’s sore entrance.

“Do you think you’ll still have room for me? I was quite thorough this morning.”

“It hurt,” Char told him cautiously, “it still hurts, I don’t know -”

“Practice,” was all the man told him in reply. Char wondered if there was anything he could say that would actually be taken as he meant it. If there was a denial he could make that would not be met with coercion.

He doubted it.

“I wouldn’t know, I’m sorry.”

“No matter, you’ll learn,” Jean leaned in to press kisses to Char’s trembling thighs. Closer and closer he kissed, relishing the way the boy’s voice hitched as he tried to protest, the way his breathing stuttered. His fingers dug into the soft flesh in warning when Char tried to close his legs.

“Do you want me to make it feel good, Charmont?” he asked, looking up over the boy’s taut stomach, catching bright eyes and furrowed brows. “Ask me nicely, I might oblige.”

“Make me feel good, please,” Char replied, quiet and mechanical. Jean pinched the soft, sensitive skin between his fingers until the boy yelped.

“Nicely, Char.”

Char blinked up at the ceiling. He tried to reach for a fantasy, but there had never been any. A few half-hearted, heated dreams, but nothing concrete he could latch onto. He’d never been a very good actor.

Instead, he remembered that there was an end. That this was one of a series of steps that would take him away from Jean, that would save him.

“Please, Jean, make me feel good?” He let his voice pitch upwards just a bit, a hint of a whining plea, a touch of neediness.

And perhaps he *was* needy. He ached so strongly between his thighs and in his chest.

Jean smiled up at him, devilish and pleased. “One day, you’re going to be very good at this,” he praised. “You’ll be such a wanton thing then, but I enjoy your hesitance just as much. It’s such a pleasure to be the one who teaches you.”

He bowed his head between Char’s thighs, kissing gently up and up until he could reach his goal. His hands gripped tight, keeping Char pinned and spread as he licked over Char’s clenched entrance.

Char let out an undignified squeak. It was even more degrading this time around, when Jean could not be satisfied with a single taste. He licked at Char in increasingly long strokes, probing a little deeper into him each time.

Char brought a hand up to his mouth and silenced himself, eyes closed tight as Jean devoured him. It felt good, and it shouldn’t have. It should be filthy and involuntary and unpleasant. And it was, it was that, too, but -

“Oh -” Char bit his lip and replaced it quickly with his fingers, biting down. His cock was filling again and he hated that. He didn’t want to respond to this, he didn’t want to be made to feel good, no matter how his gift forced him to ask for it.

He squirmed, closed his eyes even tighter as Jean laughed against him. He just wanted to come already, to have it over with. Surely once he was done, Jean couldn’t do more to him?

“Go on, sweet thing,” Jean told him, nosing against Char’s balls, pulled tight. “Come for me.”

Char’s body shuddered, the tickling of pleasure he’d been inching towards suddenly overtook him like a wave, like a punch to the stomach, and he *obeyed* .

His cock spilled over his stomach, pulses that tugged at his belly. He had gone from a slow, creeping build to a sudden, instantaneous release. Char gaped up at the ceiling, shuddering with a feeling he didn’t entirely understand. He felt as if he’d been dropped off a cliff rather than coaxed over a pleasant edge, the sudden climax more perfunctory than pleasurable.

Between his thighs, there was silence for a moment, and then a slow, pleased laugh. Char barely had a moment for a confused frown to tug at his lips, before Jean was lifting up to

catch his gaze.

“Char,” he said, slowly, *eagerly,* “come for me.”

Char’s body jerked, shaking through another sudden starburst. His cock spilled more fluid, less this time as the waves rolled through him. This wasn’t pleasure. This was a bodily function, a sudden, writhing burst of electricity through his body, and then nothing. Char gasped for breath, startled and alarmed.

“I had thought the gift to be much simpler than that,” Jean mused, “But your body listens as well as your mind. Oh, Char. You and I will have so much fun together.”

He drew a thick finger through the mess Char had made and sucked it clean, lifting dark eyes to catch Char’s before he looked away, blushing in confusion and disgust and worry. Jean watched him this way a while, watched Char try to keep his eyes away, anywhere but on him, anywhere but on his own body. Jean knew the limits of the human body. He had seen things in the war that men shouldn’t have seen, had done things men shouldn’t have done. And since, he’d been to places where cruelties were wrought with pleasure, as well as pain, and learned there as well.

“Should I be selfless?” Jean asked no one in particular. Char was certain he wasn’t asking *him* . “Should I be selfless and let you rest, myself unsatisfied?”

He looked up, clicking his tongue and smiling when Char’s jaw tensed in anticipation. “Char, look at me.” He did, quick to obey, lips pursing before Char let them relax. “Should a man go to bed unsatisfied? Or will he find no rest, if he does.”

Char swallowed. “I don’t know.”

Jean’s laugh was strangely soft, melancholic, almost. “No, you wouldn’t, yet, would you dear heart? You haven’t been suffering so for several years, aching for an innocent, petulant young thing.”

Char was so lovely and tempting beneath him, flushed pink from pleasure, cock soft and damp against his stomach, thighs spread wide. Kindness had its place, but Jean had never been one to deny himself anything.

“You’ve never had to resist indulgence,” Jean told him, reaching for oil for his cock. Immediately, Char tried to close his thighs.

“Please, Jean, it’s too much.”

“Spoiled and greedy,” Jean accused. Char flinched, looking away. “I’ve brought you pleasure. Now it’s time to return the favor. Relationships require a bit of give and take, Charmont. Spread your legs and put your hands over your head.”

Char opened himself, quivering with fear as Jean moved to push into him. He had not been opened up this time, not with anything more than a few playful passes of a tongue, and too

much time had passed since Jean had last had him. Jean's cock felt agonizingly huge as it slid into him, splitting him wide, bruising him from the inside.

"No, no, no, no," he whimpered, turning his head aside as Jean leaned down to kiss him, gritting his teeth when his fingers pressed cruelly to his jaw to hold him still. "It hurts, it really hurts," he gasped.

"Two sides of the same coin, little prince, pleasure and pain," Jean drew his tongue in a long deliberate line from Char's jaw to the sensitive skin behind his ear. "You will learn to love both, and thank me for them."

Char whined, fingers tangling, fisting, stretching, above his head where he was forced to hold them. He felt like he was on fire, he felt like his skin was splitting. He opened his mouth unthinking when Jean kissed him again, he sobbed as Jean's tongue pressed down against his own. He just wanted it to stop, he would do anything to make it stop.

He tensed the muscles in his abdomen, he let free the little sounds of pain he made as Jean thrust hard into him, because he seemed to like them. He hummed, pleased, and pressed his lips to Char's skin, bruising it beneath tongue and teeth. The louder Char moaned for him, the softer Jean kissed him, and the harder he fucked him.

It culminated in a pained wail, Char's bottom lip splitting between his teeth when it became just *too much* , and Jean came hard inside him, groaning a word of praise against Charmont's sternum.

"Beautiful thing, just like that," he sighed, nuzzling against him. "Just like that, my boy, wanting and eager for me. This is how I want you in my bed, always."

Char's chest heaved with his hitching breaths. When Jean pulled out, it felt as though he was still inside him, he ached so badly. And in a few hours, he would wake and Jean would do this *again* , and he would never again be completely free of the sensation.

He could feel wetness slipping out of him. He knew what it was, but for a moment, he imagined that it was blood, that Jean had torn him right in two.

Jean wiped tears from Char's cheeks, kissing over them. "Such a sweet thing. I will miss this when it stops. Go ahead, you may move again."

Immediately, Char rolled away from him, towards the wall, crying out in pain when the motion reminded him of his aches. Jean rubbed over his back, soft, sweet. Almost like a lover. Char cringed away, curling up into a tight ball, knees to his chest.

He could not survive this, not indefinitely. Tomorrow, he would need to run, to be out of Jean's sight and everyone's attention long enough to seek his horse and flee. He would need to placate Jean just long enough to have him ease his guard, and then it would be over.

Jean's arm wrapped around Char's waist, hauling him back against his chest. Char whimpered before his noises silenced with one command.

“Hush, little prince. Go to sleep.”

Blackness overtook him.

Char woke slowly, and like a developing photograph his plan came to him.

He would be sweet and pliant, would make the first move and ask for things Jean wanted to do to him before he made Char do them. That way, he had the chance to flee, to get away, when Jean wasn’t paying him enough attention to command him to stay still.

He took a moment to force his breathing to even; he ached terribly from the night before, he felt absolutely filthy. He didn’t *want* to turn to Jean and kiss him awake, he didn’t want to be anywhere near him.

It’s a means to an end , he reminded himself, *a moment of painful closeness for a lifetime of freedom* .

He chanced a stretch, just his legs down the bed, a soft groan as feeling returned to tired limbs. Behind him, Jean’s breathing was even; perhaps he still slept? Perhaps Char could leave without the distasteful precursor?

But then a hum, low, quiet enough to pass as a sound of sleep, and Char tensed again. A wide hand slipped from Char’s belly where it had possessively held up to his chest and pulled him back tighter against the unyielding body behind him.

At least we’re not wed by law , Char reminded himself, *at least when I run, it won’t be seen as an act of irresponsibility* .

With another stretch, Charmont turned in the tight hold, and pressed his face to the hollow of Jean’s throat, sighing out against it before pressing his lips there, tentative and soft.

Jean’s amused chuckle rumbled through Char. Emboldened, Char tilted his head back to seek Jean’s lips. Jean seemed especially fond of this, of tasting Char as intimately as he could. Char opened up, let Jean lick into him even when it made him shudder.

Jean pulled back to stare down at Char, looking pleased. “Tempting little thing,” he praised.

Char let himself flush, ducked his head in an imitation of shyness. When Jean rolled over top of him, he spread his legs obscenely wide, exposing where he was sore and tender.

“You learn so well,” Jean told him. He reached for the oil, slicking it over his fingers. Char bit back a sigh of relief; he’d been afraid Jean would take him without any guidance again.

Two fingers pierced him at once. Char tilted his head back and tried to breathe through his nose. He’d been taken so roughly the night before that now anything felt like too much. “Please, Jean,” he forced himself to say, “I want it inside me.”

Another hum, appreciative and low, and Jean bent to suck another mark to Char’s chest, adding to the blooming garden of bruises already there. He was such a lovely thing,

trembling despite trying his best to appear confident and eager, thin framed despite the strength within him from dedicated training. Still so malleable, still so easy to twist and tweak into the creature Jean wanted.

He took his time working Char open, enjoying the little sounds he made despite himself. He watched the little prince bite his lip, try to keep his eyes on Jean as he leaned over him, open his mouth to welcome kisses that Jean could taste he still disliked.

No matter.

When Jean pulled his fingers free, he curled them over the boy's cock, stroking him until Char's breathing hitched, until his body arched up into the touch against his own better judgement.

"Just like that," Jean praised him, sitting back a moment to reach for more oil before tugging Char down the bed to meet him. He spread him wide, worked himself inside with a groan, and lay over the boy as he started a sleepy, slow rhythm.

"Beautiful boy," he murmured, fingers catching a stray curl to push back behind Char's ear. "So open and vulnerable. You're very brave."

Char swallowed, little hands seeking over Jean's arms to cling to him, pain evident between his brows with every thrust. Jean turned his face into the chocolate curls and breathed him in, one hand moving to fist in his hair as he pulled away, expression just as serene, at odds with the sudden cruelty of his grasp.

"But very foolish. Still so young, Charmont, you are still so very young." A deliberate thrust, deeper, harsher than the others, pulled Char's voice from him. "Even the smartests of beasts take many hours of training to learn. Humans are no different. Now, tell me." Another roll of his hips pushed Char up the bed, the hand in his hair forcing him to bridge up off it. "What did you hope to achieve with your play at winsome desire, hmm? Mercy?" Jean's lip flickered in anger, showing his teeth as the boy beneath him cried out and dug his nails desperately into his arms. "Respite? You will gain neither with trickery, sweet boy, it will do you well to remember."

Char bit his lip until it bled, breathless, dizzy with his struggle to resist. So close, safety had been *so close* , and now his thrice-damned *gift* would ruin it all.

Char was red-faced and nauseous when Jean twisted the hand in his hair, forcing a cry. " *Tell me* ," he repeated.

"I wanted to run!" Char yelled, strained and desperate. "I wanted you to leave me alone long enough to run away!"

Tears overflowed, running down his cheeks, spilling over his jaw. He had cried more in the past two days than he'd cried in years. He felt weak, useless.

Jean released the painful grip in Char's curls, petting it gently and then drawing his thumb over Char's bloody lip. "Run *where* , Charmont?" He had not stilled. If anything, the blood

he pulled to his lips only spurred him on further.

“I don’t know!” Char shrieked. He thrashed beneath Jean, kicking at the blankets, struggling to squirm away from the punishing, bruising thrusts.

Jean slapped him, the strike so astounding, so unexpected, that the boy stilled his struggles and merely stared at him with wide liquid eyes.

“Ungrateful boy,” he hissed, pulling free of him and shoving the prince hard into the bed for good measure. “Selfish and stupid. You think you can run from yourself? You think you can put distance between yourself and what you deserve?”

He sat forward, hands on either side of Char’s face, holding him painfully still as he tried to struggle free. “You are *mine* , Charmont. You would have been, had your uncle not died, you would have been even if this gift had not been granted to you. I would have had you regardless of your acquiescence. And I will, now.”

He pressed his forehead to the prince’s eyes closing and jaw tense with the patience it took not to beat the boy blue for his reckless behaviour. “There is nowhere you can run, that I will not find you, do you understand?”

Char sobbed, kicking, slapping, punching, scratching - trying to get away.

“ *Do you understand me!”*

“I understand but you’re wrong!” Char cried. “You’re *wrong* !”

Jean backhanded him, his head jerking to the side, ears ringing. The world spun for a moment, nausea overtaking Char as thoroughly as the stinging pain did. He blinked fuzzily at the wall until Jean grabbed his chin and jerked him back to face him.

“I’m wrong?” He said, in a voice so soft and dangerous that Char shivered. “You think that you don’t belong to me? That there was any world where you weren’t handed to me like a gift?”

Char tried to shake his head, afraid to speak. Jean gripped him hard enough to leave bruises along his jaw, tilting him to inspect his cheek. No doubt that was bruising as well.

“Don’t leave these chambers again without my permission,” Jean snapped at him. “I will tell everyone you’ve fallen ill. It’s time you were properly disciplined, you horrible, spoiled creature.”

“Jean-“

“Don’t speak,” Jean commanded. “Stay silent until I allow you to talk. Hands above your head. I’ll take my pleasure and then issue your punishment.”

Char obeyed. He endured. He curled up, retching, when Jean was through with him and by some mercy the man gave him water and left him alone in bed to drink it. He was shaking so

hard most of the water ended up on his chest, but what he managed to swallowed helped soothe the cramping ache within him.

He couldn't leave the room. He couldn't speak until he was released to. It left him only letters, writing letters and throwing them from the windows in lieu of himself until someone noticed. He could darken the marks Jean left on him, make the evidence more damning when someone went to check on him.

Something.

Anything.

He refused to believe that he was trapped here forever.

When Jean returned Char scrambled back into the bed so quickly he tangled himself in the sheets, whining quietly in panic when the other merely reached for him and drew him back, grip surprisingly soft against his ankle.

"You will bathe," Jean told him, tone back to that neutral, businesslike thing he so often fell back on during meetings. "And wash your hair and face, and you will eat."

Char trembled with the need to obey. So many commands in a row was dizzying, a constant echo in his head, a whisper on loop of every single thing he had to do. He nodded hazily, fingers digging into the sheets.

"Then, you will come here," Jean told him, "You will lay out in the bed, slick your hands with oil, and pleasure yourself until I return and tell you to stop. You will *not* come."

The commands were so bizarre that Char did not immediately recognize them as the promised punishment. The second Jean let go, he was up and moving, his body propelling him towards the bath.

He supposed the lack of release was meant to be the punishment, but Char had gone years without release, except for occasional heated dreams. A few hours could hardly be so bad. Unpleasant, yes, but not so bad as to be a punishment.

Jean came to him while he was in the bath, tilting his head back to steal a kiss. His mood had improved, and he smiled down at Char's bare form.

"I will return with your lunch when it's time. Be good."

He could do nothing more than nod, head hazy. He'd never had so many commands filtering through his mind before. He felt like he was going crazy. But perhaps he was, anyway, outside of all of this.

He wished he had the countenance to drown himself. But even that didn't feel like a pressing matter right then. Char washed himself and deliberately took time to wash his hair. Climbing out he dried off and moved to the small lobby room where his breakfast sat waiting. He wasn't hungry. He ate it anyway.

The longer he took on one command, meant he could put off another urgently clawing at the inside of his skull. He'd learned this with his lessons and training, a loophole that wasn't outright disobedience.

But eventually breakfast was over, there was nothing more Char could do than obey the next thing forcing his exhausted body forward.

He straightened out the sheets, lay over them, and reached for the oil Jean used. The smell of it alone made him want to gag, but he could do little more than smother his hands in it before curling one around his cock.

The feeling wasn't pleasurable. It just *was* . Char stared at the ceiling and touched his cock and wondered when his mind would clear enough for him to be able to do something *else.* Jean had given him a time period, unfortunately, quickly learning the limits of this curse Char had been gifted, but even with his uncles most dire commands, none had lasted longer than a day; once Char slept, whatever he had been last commanded would melt away with his dreams.

Char stroked himself until his body inevitably responded, and then his mind started to fill with sparks of color and his belly started to tickle with the promise of pleasure. He remembered how quickly that pleasure had turned to pain, the night before, when it had been wrought from his body by harsh words. He tried not to think about it now. He tried not to think about anything, or anyone. And in truth, he had no one to think of. He had never found his heart drawn to another in such a way; in his most erotic dreams the people touching him were faceless, genderless.

He certainly couldn't think of *Jean* .

He might have, once. Before all of this. Before Jean had stopped him at the door and forced him to reveal his secrets.

His thoughts were rambling and decidedly unsexy, but eventually, Char's body found its rhythm. He figured out which way to twist his wrist to make a spark of pleasure appear, how to gently massage his balls so that everything felt warm and good. Char touched himself so much more softly than Jean did. It was a constant deluge of pleasure, and he was careening towards the edge rapidly, now that he knew how…

Char's hands slammed against the bedding. He stared up at the ceiling, panting softly. His cock was heavy against his stomach, needy, on the very *verge* of release, and though Char's hands were not bound, he could not convince them to go anywhere near it.

It was unpleasant, certainly. He'd known it would be. It made him feel slightly spiteful towards Jean, as well. But eventually, the ache eased, and Char's hands were his own again.

He was more sensitive this time, more eager. Char tried to take things slowly, but the problem was, he now knew what he liked. Jean's exact instructions had been 'pleasure yourself,' and he could not draw it out when he knew what felt good, what burned low in his belly. He found himself on the verge even more quickly this time, thrusting up into his slick grip, one hand reaching up to pinch at his nipples.

With a whined little moan he dropped his hands again, fisting them in the sheets in desperation. There was the need and want to come, but also the resentment towards the man who made him do this. He knew why, too, so that by the time Jean returned, Char was needy and aching and *begging* to be allowed release.

No.

That he would not give him. He couldn't. He had to show Jean that he wasn't broken, not even when his plan was discovered he wasn't about to bow down to him.

Perhaps by the time Jean came to him, Char would believe that.

It was hours, he knew, hours yet of this blissful torment. He hated and ached for it in equal measure. He *wanted* to come, at this point he *needed* to, and his mind was suddenly playing through scenarios that had never happened, that never would happen. Passionate joinings between Char and a faceless lover, one who kissed him gently, one who moaned in his ear and rocked into him in a way that pulled whimpers from Charmont.

He dropped his hands to the bed again and bit his lip.

He wished he had a faceless lover to rescue him.

He wanted it to feel good, he wanted someone to touch him in a way that didn't hurt. He wanted to *want* .

Right now, there was only need. Frustrated, hoping to trick himself over the edge, Char refreshed the oil and hesitantly pressed a finger inside himself. It didn't feel 'good,' but it wasn't exactly 'bad' either. He eased another in, wincing slightly, and curved them the way Jean usually did.

And that felt good. It felt *really* good, when he rubbed again. He twisted and rocked and he was so close, so close-

Char's hands dropped again. Unable to swear, he groaned loudly, kicking out at the mattress.

When Jean returned with lunch, he could hear needy, hiccuping moans coming from the bedroom. He set the trays on the table, moving quietly to the doorway.

His boy had rolled onto his stomach, humping frantically down into his hand. His head was tilted to the side, and Jean could see his face was red and tear streaked. He had three fingers buried as deep inside himself as he could reach, and he rocked between both pleasures with quivering thighs.

After a few more moments of rocking, Char let out a loud, agonized cry, both hands jerking away and slamming against the mattress.

When he saw Jean, Char whined again and turned his face away from him, curling in on himself before his body remembered he was meant to lie flat. A curious, tricky thing indeed, this gift of his. Jean didn't approach him, he didn't try to touch. He waited for the several

moments Char needed before he could touch himself again without coming, and then he just looked on in pleasure.

With a whimper, Char's hips rocked into the bed again, his face pressed to the pillow as he trembled and obeyed the silent inescapable command within him. Jean had left him for four hours. Lesser men would have succumbed by now, begging immediately upon seeing the man holding their fate in the doorway.

He could be a great leader, this boy, if he were properly trained to it.

"Charmont," Jean murmured, watching the way the muscles in Char's ass tensed beautifully. "Look at me."

The prince did, and his expression was one of such sweet displeasure, such a puppyish facsimile of anger that Jean wanted to kiss it from him.

"Ask me," Jean told him, stepping into the room. "Ask me to let you come."

"Please let me come," the boy said immediately, frustrated and petulant. For that, Jean watched him through another panting, gasping cycle before he spoke again.

"Ask me properly, impudent thing, or I'll leave you like this until dinner."

And oh, wasn't it a sight, to see Char with his fingers shoved inside himself, rolling his hips like the kingdom's best whore. "Please," the boy said, more frantic this time, " *Please* , Jean, *please* let me come. Oh gods…" his hands pulled free again, and Char sobbed desperately into the blankets. His red, puffy hole was slick and tempting, but Jean had other plans.

"Do you deserve it, Charmont? After your disobedience this morning, do you think I should let you come?"

Char groaned, thrusting a hand underneath him once more. He didn't want these words in his ears. He didn't want to remember this the next time Jean lectured him, or worse, to have Jean's words in his ears if ever he brought himself to pleasure.

But his body was not his own, his body belonged entirely to Jean, now. "Please, I can't take it anymore. Please let me come."

"You may come," Jean replied, easy as anything, as he stepped closer to the bed and crouched beside it. He breathed in as Char stroked himself again and kept going, pulling that elusive pleasure out of himself finally, after hours and hours of keeping himself on edge. Jean watched him, the way that little body trembled, the way Char's breath pushed from him as though by a punch.

"Turn over, Char, let me see you."

The prince did, with a quiet little wince. He lay back, one hand over his eyes pressing hard as though that alone could help him push all this away, forget it in a shower of stars behind closed eyelids. Jean licked his lips.

“Come for me,” he said, watching in fascination as Char’s body shuddered through orgasm without onanism, by his word alone. Curious, and tricky, and cruel thing, this gift of his… Jean allowed Char to catch his breath, listening for the sweet little sobs that came with it.

“Char,”

“Please don’t, I was good, I did what you - I did what you said, I did it.”

“Come for me,” Jean repeated, unmoved by the prince’s soft little cries of anguish as his body forced him to come again, a bare sliver of slick from his little cock, now.

Char fisted a hand in his hair, digging his heels into the bed. He looked like he did in the throes of a good fucking, overcome and aching. Jean sprawled out beside him, a close up view for his king’s torment.

“Come, Char.”

Char shrieked, body jerking, balls drawn tight as his cock attempted to spill. “No,” He pleaded, pulling his hand away from his eyes to look at Jean with a pleading, tense expression. “No, Jean, please, please don’t do this, you don’t have to do this, I’ll be so good for you-”

“Come,” Jean said calmly, cutting him off. Char’s body shuddered through another surge of sensation, untouched agony as his cock jerked against his stomach.

“Please!” Char was yelling now, loud and desperate, “Please, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.”

“Come again.”

“I *can’t* -” he gasped, nausea close to overwhelming the young man again. He retched, pressing his fist against his mouth as he sobbed, tears squeezed from behind closed lids. His cock twitched dry, Char’s stomach tensed and relaxed in a wave of contraction that drew nothing at all from him but another whine of pain. “I can’t - Jean, I’m - I’m not - I’m not disobeying - I can’t, my body can’t -”

Jean hummed, allowed him that for the moment. He supposed six was a nice round number to end this particular lesson on. Next time, he’d push for seven. He didn’t touch Char even still, watching him catch his breath, watching his tears dry up and his lips part, beautiful and red-bitten. When the prince looked over to him, eyes so, so blue, Jean didn’t think he had ever seen anything more beautiful.

“Sweet thing,” Jean sighed, almost fond, almost apologetic. “I will teach you well of suffering, as I must. And you will learn, won’t you?”

He drew his knuckles over Char’s cheek and the young man shivered, closing his eyes to the sensation of it. After a moment, he gave a stuttered nod. Jean indulged in petting the boy more, touches so kind that Char didn’t know what to do with them. He worked sweat-damp curls from his forehead, pressed his cool palm there instead.

“Now,” he said. “Will you be good?”

“Yes,” Char whispered, helpless and dizzy with all he’d been put through. “Yes, I’ll be good.”

Jean drew him into a kiss, soft and gentle. Char neither resisted nor faked enthusiasm. He merely lay still to be kissed, a good, obedient boy.

Char *was* good, for the most part. He spread his legs in the morning and the evening, he let Jean touch him and bathe him.

“Tell me you love me,” Jean began to whisper, and though it tasted foul in his mouth, Char didn’t give Jean a tone to criticize.

He wasn’t perfect, though. He would take any opportunity to hide from Jean, to find a few minutes respite, punishment be damned. He was up to eight orgasms without vomiting, now, and he’d been taken over Jean’s knee more than once.

Today, Jean had found him hiding in the stables. He was forbidden from leaving the grounds without permission, and so hiding there had seemed to be the best plan. Why would Jean seek him near a horse he couldn’t ride?

This had actually served him well for several long, peaceful hours, well past lunch, but eventually, Jean found him. Char had been curled into a ball with a book, his back pressed up against the gate to his horse’s stall, and when Jean found him there he leaned over the gate to get a fistful of Char’s curls and drag him to his feet,

“I should make you sleep here, perhaps, if you insist on me going out of my way to bring you back.”

“Gladly,” Char muttered. It had been months, now, of this. Months of putting on a brave face in public, finding himself violated in every possible way behind closed doors. He was exhausted. He was paranoid. He wasn’t sleeping well, because any time Jean slept, Char would climb out of bed to try and find a way to escape.

He’d tried to run just the once.

He hadn’t tried again.

Now he got as far as the lobby and would glare at Jean in the doorway when he summoned him back to bed with a crooked finger and narrowed eyes.

“Walk as is fitting for a prince, Char, to your chambers.” Jean told him, shoving him out of the stables first, knowing Char would obey. He followed at a much more leisurely pace, enjoying the view of the young man’s pert bottom in his tight pants. He’d kept Char on his training routine. It had started as rewards, now, he just enjoyed watching the boy work up a sweat before he shoved him up against a wall and fucked him.

When they were both in Char’s rooms, Jean closed the door and locked it, leaning his weight back against it, arms crossed over his chest.

“Sit,” he said, tone almost *bored* , drawled. “What’s a fitting punishment for this, Charmont?”

“For reading a book in the stables?” the boy asked, eyes up. “You never told me I couldn’t do either of those.”

“You know where I expect you to be. You know what time we take lunch together. Do I need to sit down and command your entire day in minute detail? Or should I just put you away when I’m done with you like a child’s plaything.”

Char shuddered. He already felt enough like *Jean’s* plaything. “A few moments to myself is hardly worthy of such a thing.”

“If you’d like some time to sit and read on your own, perhaps you should ask for it. Together, we may think of a way to earn it.” Jean tilted his head, his eyes bright. He looked too happy, considering the trouble Char had gotten himself into. It was never good when he looked so pleased outside of sex.

“Fetch your hairbrush from the vanity, Char, and then strip completely.”

Char tried not to cringe. He’d been paddled before. He’d been *whipped* before, both with Jean’s belt and with thin green branches from the woods. Jean’s hand was unpleasant, and anything more than that would have him in tears so very quickly.

He fetched the hairbrush, leaving his clothing in a neat little pile to be given to the maids later. When he returned, Jean guided him to bend over the arm of his favorite chair, his face shoved into the cushions.

Char remained bent, revealed, vulnerable, for several moments before he started to squirm. No command had come after this, when usually Jean was laying into him with whatever implement had caught his interest that day. He forced himself to adopt a neutral tone when he turned his head to look at him, and asked -

“How many?”

“Until I tell you to stop,” Jean replied, eyes hungry over the prone, pretty form of his boy. He’d left some marks on him that had healed in twig-thin white lines over his thighs. He was looking forward to leaving more. “You will administer this punishment to yourself, since you’re so independent.”

Char blinked at him, pushing up just a little from the chair, confused. “I’m -”

“You will bend, *down* ,” Jean told him, watching as Char obeyed. “And you will beat yourself with the hairbrush, as hard as I would beat you, until I am satisfied that you’ve learned your lesson for the day.”

Char gasped, cheeks already coloring, the hand that had held the brush loose tightening its grip on it. “I don’t know if I can -”

But he could. The first swat landed harsh to the side of his ass, leaving a pink circle in its wake. He couldn’t even take a breath to cry out before he hit himself again. The angle was

awkward, the power of the strike lost somewhat with the way Char was bent, but Jean watched him with unbridled pleasure as his prince spanked himself pink.

This was worse than when Jean did it, so much worse. The blows came sharp and heavy, bruising Char's ass and creating a twinge in his wrists no matter how often he switched sides.

And now he was on display. Jean was always staring at him, but putting on a show made his gaze feel like a physical touch.

"Stop neglecting your thighs," Jean told him, and with a whimper, Char obeyed, striking lower and drawing thin cries from himself.

His backside felt burning hot. He thought he must be bruised horribly by now, but he also knew how long punishments could last with Jean. He'd been whipped bloody before, spanked so brutally he could not leave the bed the next day. Once, Jean had sat him in a chair and told him to neither move nor speak. He'd left Char there for *five hours* , motionless, crying, damp with sweat from his struggle against himself and sore from how stiff he'd been.

Pushing up onto his toes, Char arched his back, showing off the reddened curve of his ass as he knew Jean liked. "Please, Jean, I'm sorry."

"You're far from it, dear boy, and we both know that," Jean replied lazily. He moved around Char as he continued to obey his cruel words, and took up a decanter to pour himself some wine. He sipped and held the glass up, comparing the hue to the color of Charmont's tormented skin. Not quite there yet. Pity.

The king did have a long council meeting the next day, through which he would have to sit - it would be very suspicious if Jean took his place, rather than sat alongside him. He was, after all, still just the king's consort, not yet a ruler by marriage.

Those things took time, alas.

"Stop," Jean decided after several more moments of Char's obedient self-punishment, stepping up behind him and stroking his hand over trembling red skin. "Had I my way, you would never be any other color than this," he said almost wistfully. He walked about and crouched by Char's tear-streaked face and took another deliberate drink from his glass.

"What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry," Char replied, voice hitching in the middle. He did respond so well to pain. Jean raised an eyebrow, and the prince bit his lip, eyes closing in shame. "Thank you, Jean, for teaching me to be better for you. Thank you for punishing me."

Jean hummed. It still sounded rehearsed, of course, but he got no small amount of pleasure from making Char humiliate himself by saying it. And without duress, it was even sweeter.

"Get up," he said, moving to do the same, holding his hand out for the brush.

Char gave it to him happily, hissing as he straightened. Jean gave him a critical once over, and then sighed. “I canceled meetings to come find you,” He told Char. “I cleared my entire schedule because *you* needed to be disciplined.”

“I’m sorry,” Char said again, nervously tracking the way Jean passed the brush from palm to palm. Jean sighed again.

“I’m not sure you *truly* appreciate all I do for you, Charmont.”

Sentences like that were never good. Char shivered, wishing he could creep closer to the fireplace and light it.

“To your room, Char. Over the foot of the bed, legs spread, hands clasped behind your back.”

Char bit back a whimper as he obeyed. If Jean was moving him to the bed to beat him again, he didn’t expect Char to be able to get back out of it. Char rubbed his cheek against the soft blankets, closing his eyes and trying to imagine himself somewhere else. Even a better day with Jean would be nice.

Something tapped against his lips. Char opened his eyes to find himself face to face with the back of the brush.

“Thank me again,” Jean told him, “And kiss the brush. Show proper gratitude.”

Char’s breath trembled from him, he didn’t dare disobey, even if his body was already moving to follow the spoken instructions. He pressed his lips in a ghost of a kiss to the brush and lifted his eyes to Jean’s, watching him closely.

“Thank you, Jean,” he murmured, “for teaching me to be better. For punishing me.”

Jean hummed, drawing his fingers through wild curls and tugging them almost affectionately. He pulled free a piece of straw and let it drop in front of Charmont’s nose on the sheets before walking around to stand behind him.

“On your toes,” he reminded the boy, who shifted with a soft little sound.

But the strike Char was expecting didn’t come, instead, something blunt and hard pressed up between his legs. With a yelp, Char tried to push away, a heavy hand falling to the base of his back to keep him still. The handle of the brush pushed more intently, slicked just enough to penetrate without snagging skin but it was far from painless.

As anything with Jean was.

“Why -”

“So you learn,” Jean replied, working the thing in until the brush started to widen out towards the head and wouldn’t go any deeper. He pulled it out slowly to push it back in with a shove, hard and fast, angled upwards until Char cried out.

It was thinner than Jean's cock, but far stiffer, with no give to it at all. Jean began to work up a rhythm, fucking Char on the brush in harsh thrusts that rocked his hips against the bed.

"Clearly, a beating is not enough for you. But you will think about this every time you reach for your brush, won't you?"

"Yes!" Char yelped, squirming in place. He was held fast by both Jean's hand and his precise instructions, and it was like struggling against chains.

"You'll think about how you needed it so badly that you spread your legs for the first thing you could."

No, no, that wasn't what had happened at all, but Jean twisted the brush to angle it towards Char's prostate and teased at it roughly. Char's cock hardened against the bed, despite Char's pained whimpers.

"Only a filthy boy would get hard from a punishment, Charmont." Jean shoved the brush in deep and left it there, swatting Char's ass sharply. "If I were you, I wouldn't let that fall."

Char sobbed, humiliated, as he clenched tight around the brush, already slipping. He just had to hold it while Jean undressed. Just had to hold his goddamn hairbrush in his ass.

But it was weighted, unbalanced, slipping -

"Jean -"

"What did I say, Char?"

"I'm trying!" he bit the sheets and clenched his thighs together as hard as he could without closing his legs - he *couldn't* . "I don't want to disobey, I don't, but I can't -"

Jean watched him, the way he trembled, the way he tried, so hard, to obey. Sweet thing. He caught the brush before it fell, clicking his tongue in mock-displeasure just to watch Char tremble harder.

"Hands back, spread yourself," he said instead, drawing his teeth over his bottom lip in preening pleasure when Charmont obeyed, presenting himself so sweetly. "Beg."

"Please, Jean," Char whined. He didn't even care what for, as long as it was over soon. "Please, I'll be good,"

"Tell me you want it."

"I want it!"

"I don't believe you."

Char rubbed teary eyes against the bedding, digging his fingers in a little further to spread his hole wider. "I want it," he said again, rocking his hips back. "I want everything you give me,

Jean, I know you're good to me. I know you work so hard to take care of me. Please, please Jean, let me have it."

Char bit his lip and prayed it was enough, prayed it wouldn't be the brush again. The head of Jean's thick cock catching against his entrance was such a relief that Char's moan was genuine, nearly joyful. He pushed back, because he knew Jean liked it and because when Jean was pleased, it was easier. Jean still liked to keep him sore, but he'd been unfortunately right about Char feeling more and more physical pleasure the more they did this.

"Greedy," Jean said with a laugh.

"I want it," Char repeated. "Can I put my hands down, please?" With enough leverage, he could shove himself back entirely, and then it was only a matter of time before he wrung Jean's orgasm from him.

"Put your hands down," Jean allowed, dropping his head back with a groan as he sunk into the boy. More and more, the prince was responding as he wanted him to. More and more he was training him that the more obedient he was without coercion, the more likely he was to get the kind of pleasure they could both enjoy.

He fucked into Charmont deliberate and deep, watched the way the prince clung to the sheets and fucked himself back against Jean's cock. He was getting so good at that, too, lovely boy, squeezing around Jean's girth, arching his back, milking him like he was being paid for it.

Jean moaned in pleasure and dropped his head to look again, slapping hard over Char's red ass, just once, for good measure, to draw that high little whimper from him. God he felt good. One of these days, Jean was certain it would happen, the boy would crawl into his lap and kiss him, aching and slow. He would slip his little hands into his lap and beg, properly, for Jean's cock. He'd take it, of his own accord, between those beautiful lips of his and suck, choke on it, swallow everything Jean gave him…

It was enough to have him come, now, hard and hot within his boy, leaning over Char's back a moment before pressing his forehead between his shoulders, panting hot wet breaths against sweaty skin.

"Attaboy," he sighed.

Beneath him, Charmont sobbed. "Thank you, Jean."

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